

Forever
by
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INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

CU on a phone and it is RINGING. A hand reaches in and picks it up.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

Hello.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH-NIGHT

A MAN stands, his face shrouded in shadow, in the booth. He is wearing a trench coat and what appears to be a nice suit underneath.

MAN

I'm coming over.

CU on the receiver as it slams down on the cradle.

The Man exits the booth.

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

The receiver is placed back in the cradle calmly. The hand as he moves slowly in the direction of the stereo. The hand reaches out and turns it on. Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" begins to fill the room.

The apartment is simple yet elegant. There is a bed, a futon, a square polished metal table with two chairs, a stereo system and television housed on a wire stand.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

We see someone walking. It is the man from the phone booth, his face still obscured by shadow. He is walking with determination. His trench coat flaps with the force of his strides.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

CU of the same hand slowly directing the music. It moves up the body to which it is attached finally REVEALING the face of SAMUEL. He is a very attractive black man in his thirties, with a shaved head, He is wearing all black and has a regal air about him. His eyes are closed and he stands entranced by the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The man turn a corner and starts to walk down a residential street. Brown stones and trees line the walk.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Moving from the stereo toward the front door, Samuel turns to the left into a small but functional kitchen. He pulls down a bottle of Merlot and opens it allowing it to breath. He pulls from the cabinet two wine glasses which he sets on the counter. Walking back into the living area he places the bottle of wine and the two glasses on a polished metal table.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

A CU of a hand as it reaches for the knob of a door.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

SAMUEL sets up the table so that two people can sit and converse. It seems intimate. Candles of varying shapes and sizes sit on the table. Samuel rearranges them and begins to light them with a pack of matches.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY-NIGHT

CU of a finger pushing an apartment call button.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

The intercom BUZZES and Samuel looks up, a slight smile overcoming his lips. He moves casually toward the intercom box, which rests next to the door. He depresses the TALK key.

SAMUEL

Yes.

MALE VOICE

Let me in.

Samuel presses the Door buzzer for a few moments then unlatches the door and cracks it slightly.

Moving back into the main room Samuel again starts to direct the soothing strains of the music. He moves to the table.

He pours two glasses of wine. Taking one, he turns around to present it to the man whose face until now has been obscured by shadows. This is Will, and he now stands in the doorway to Samuels apartment. Will is a young man in his mid to late twenties. He is dressed in a conservative Wall Street manner. He looks uncomfortable standing in the doorway like a skittish Chihuahua

SAMUEL

Wine?

WILL

I don't drink wine.

SAMUEL

Very well.

Samuel replaces the glass on the table and takes his glass. He looks back at Will, who is still standing in the doorway.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

You can come in.

Will hesitates, then enters the apartment shutting the door behind him.. As he does this we can see that he is actually very haggard looking with beads of sweat covering his face. He looks sick.

Will takes a moment to compose himself.

WILL

I...I want to know what's wrong with me.

Samuel motions to a chair.

SAMUEL

I want you to have a seat.

Will starts to obey, then stops and shakes his head as though shaking off a trance. He reaches up and touches the sides of his head with his hands.

WILL

I don't want to have a seat. I want you to tell me what's wrong with me.

Samuel takes a drink from the wine, and moves away from the table toward the futon.

SAMUEL

There's nothing wrong with you.

Will starts to move reluctantly down the stairs. He seems to getting worse with every step.

WILL

Then why can't I get you out of my head?
Why can't I sleep?

Will starts to double over and steadies himself with an outreached hand on the wall. He pauses a moment to catch his composure which does not come. He turns quickly and moves back up the stairs and into the bathroom to his right.

Samuel sits calmly on the futon as the unmistakable sounds of vomiting emanate from the bathroom. A knowing smile works it's way across SAMUEL'S face.

SAMUEL

Maybe your eating the wrong things.

Will emerges from the bathroom wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his coat.

WILL

I was fine until I met you.

SAMUEL

Take off your jacket. (pause) Have some wine, and I'll try to shed some light...so to speak...on the subject.

Will hesitates by the edge of the table then relents, taking off his trench coat and throwing onto the back of a chair. He sits down and takes the glass of wine from the table. He starts to fumble with it nervously. He looks down and is suddenly drawn to the rich thick red liquid.

CUT TO:

CU of red blood cells as they scurry through the blood stream with heightened speed and activity.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Will moves the glass to his lips and takes a sip. It does not comfort him the way he thought it would. He looks back at Samuel, starting to shake slightly.

WILL

Fine. I'm sitting. I'm enjoying my wine.
My coat is off.

Samuel gets up from the futon and walks toward Will.

SAMUEL

Tell me William.

WILL

Will...it's Will.

SAMUEL

But William (savoring the word) rolls
much better from the tongue.

Samuel takes a drink from the wine. He comes up to Will and
leans down looking him straight in the eyes.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

Have you ever wanted to live forever
William?

William turns his gaze away.

WILL

What?

Samuel starts to move around Will stroking Will's hair with
his free hand. Will is nervous at first but starts to be
comforted by the massage.

Samuel sets his wine glass down on the table.

Samuel takes the handkerchief from Will's jacket pocket and
begins to dab the sweat from Will's face as a nurse might do.

SAMUEL

There are so many things one can do,

Will startles from his almost hypnotic state and breaks free
from Samuel and moves away toward the futon.

Samuel takes the handkerchief and brings it to his nose
taking a deep inhaling smell.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

Why William...your afraid.

WILL

Is this some kind of a sick game?

SAMUEL

I don't play games. (he takes a sip of wine) Unless I can win. I've given you something most people only dream of.

WILL

What is this? What is wrong with me? What did you do?

SAMUEL

I've given you forever.

WILL

What?

SAMUEL

We had fun. (pause) We did have fun didn't we?

Will lets his guard down with this.

WILL

Yes.

SAMUEL

I haven't enjoyed anything in a long time. I enjoyed you. I don't want it to end...and now it doesn't have to.

WILL

What's wrong with you?

Will moves past Samuel and grabs his jacket and heads for the door.

He turns around to say something to Samuel, but Samuel is no longer behind him.

Turning back to the door to leave he runs into Samuel who is blocking his way. Will is startled.

WILL (cont'd)

What the fuck.

Samuel grabs WILL by the sides of his head immobilizing him.

SAMUEL

There is nothing wrong with me. There is nothing wrong with you.

Samuel stares intently into Will's frightened eyes.

SAMUEL (cont'd)
You'll feel much better after you've had
something to eat.

Samuel, still holding Will by the head, backs him slowly down
the steps and into the living room.

THE END